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VOLUME VII.

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POETRY.

THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

I know not the hour of His coming,
I know not the hour nor the year;
But I know that He bids me be ready
For the step that I sometime shall hear.

And whether on earth or in heaven,
Down here, or 'mid scenes of the blest,
I am sure that His love will surround me,
And with Him I will leave all the rest.

I know not what lieth before me,
It may be all pleasure, all care;
But I know at the end of the journey
Stands the mansion He went to prepare.

And whether in joy or in sorrow,
Through valley, o'er mountain or hill,
I will walk in the light of His presence,
And His love all repining shall still.

I know not what duties are waiting,
For hands that are willing and true;
And I ask but the strength to be faithful,
To do well what he gives me to do.

And if He should bid me stand idle,
Just waiting in weakness and pain
I have only to trust and be hopeful,
And some time He'll make it all plain.

And when his voice calls in the morning,
At noon time perhaps, or at night,
With no plea but one Thou hast called me,
I shall enter the portals of light.

STORY TELLER.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

(From an Old Magazine.)

"Thou dost admire that picture,
Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiz
iano Vecelli, of Venice, to his favorite
pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"Si, signor; but whose portrait
is it? When was it painted? and where
has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it.
Hast no curiosity, hast no wish to
learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well
knowest, signor, to prove my descent
from Eve, whose falling that way lost
a paradise to Adam. But I need not
ask who painted this, for there is only
one who can paint thus. There is but
one pencil which can blend such beau
tiful coloring with such free drawing.
Signor maestro, if thou couldst have
thy pictures unrecognized, thou must
even hang them with the painting to
the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery!
But I believe thou meanest what thou
sayest. As to this portrait?"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"
"As thou art anxious to know, my
Giulio, and often playest a trick upon
thy master, methinks I shall not tell
thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou
wilt, but I shall not tell thee—*non*.

Call my gondolieri; the day is pleas
ant and they shall row me across the
Lido. *Addio addio!*"

The painter went on his way across
the lagoon and smiled as one smiles at
a lucky thought or a successful specu
lation. His musings were pleasant
and as he lay "at listless length" with
in the canopy of his gondola he
found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth and hath a
proper love for art; he is studious,
too, gentle in manner, affectionate and
with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a
tender dove, and it will be well if she
can find a shelter in his breast. How
he gazed upon the picture! If he ad
mire the original only half as much,
the train will soon be in flames. He
is a goodly youth." And with such
thoughts did Titian take council on
his brief and pleasant voyage to the
Lido.

Meanwhile his pupil employed him
self in looking at the portrait more
minutely than he heretofore had done.
The renewed and closer examination
confirmed his original opinion of its
excellence, not alone as a work of art,
but as the representation of a character
of feminine loveliness more attractive
than he had yet beheld in Venice. The
portrait represented a beautiful girl
just in the spring of youth, bearing
aloft in her hands a massive casket,
and pausing, as it were, in her onward
progress, to cast a smile upon the be
holder—like a sudden sunburst! The
face was one of exquisite beauty, but
the naive and cheerful expression, the
hearty joyousness, the guileless and
trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a
part of intellectual loveliness far great
er than usually accompanies mere
beauty of features. For—though to
say so be treason against the majesty
of that sex whom we generalize as

"fair"—I fear it is but too true that
the perfection of personal and mental
beauty do not often meet in one. Yet,
even now do I remember to have met
that union.

The young artist admired the por
trait for some time and then fell into a
meditative humor—a thing unusual
for him; for, though he was a Spaniard
he was a youth of quick imagination
and lively temperament, and it is not
the wont of such to anticipate the con
templative thoughts which they be
lieve belong to the maturer season
of manhood. The youth thought and
thought and thought, until, when Ti
tiano returned, he found his pupil seat
ed opposite the portrait, with his pen
cil in his hand and his head downward
drooping—even as in his mood of po
etic thought I have seen that of Words
worth, the great master of the lyre.
Titian came near, but Giulio did not
stir; nearer still, and Giulio was
breathing heavily; close to him and
touched his shoulder. The youth up
started! He had fallen asleep before
portrait!

Oh, what a very unlover-like accident!
But a siesta is a treasure to the Span
iard, and the day was dull, and it was
wearisome to be alone, and, if the
truth must be told, Giulio, who had
all a painter's eye for beauty, had been
up half the previous night sermading
a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes
had fascinated him one evening as he
passed beneath the windows of her fa
ther's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's
pupil for some six months previous to
the incident of the portrait and the
slumber. Without any introduction
had he come, but had paid a large sum
for the privilege of instruction. After
a time his gentle manners, his love for
the art and his rapid progress in it had
so far won upon Titian—a lone and
widowed man—as to make him solicit
that Giulio would become an inmate
in his house. Titian was a solitary,
indeed, for his son was a wild youth,
who had left Venice for Cyprus in the
suite of the Admiral, and his daughter
Beatrice was in a convent in the Friuli,
of which one of his relatives was lady
principal. Giulio Mantoni accepted
the invitation, and for three months
preceding the day on which this slight
tale commences he had been to Titian
affectionate, kind and obedient as a son.
He was so skillful with his pencil, too,
that Titian was reminded by his skill
and enthusiasm of what his own son
had been at the same age, some thirty
years before.

Some days passed on and the por
trait still remained in Titian's studio.
Giulio often looked at it, but never
spoke of it, and Titian did not err
when he thought that there was a
meaning in this silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice
was at hand. This was Ascension
Day, on which the Doge performed the
annual ceremony of signifying the
maritime power of the signory by cast
ing a golden ring into the waters of
the Adriatic. The custom was, at
this proud celebration, for Venice to
send out her population of all degrees,
and it was certain that at such a
time the fairest daughters of Venice
never were absent.

The short voyage of the Doge from
the quay of the ducal palace to the
boundary of Lido and Malamocco was
always performed on this occasion in a
stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a
galley said to be of equal antiquity
with these maritime nuptials. This
magnificent vessel always bore a freight
of some importance; for, besides the
Doge, the council, the chief officers of
state and the admiral of the port (who
acted as pilot, and was bound by oath
to bring the vessel back to her harbor
age in the arsenal,) it bore the ambas
sadors from the various countries in
alliance with the republic. Sometimes,
besides the *nobilissimi* and the state
officials, it bore citizens of worth, and
at all times the Doge was glad to see
by his side the great painter, Tiziano
Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such
immortality as earth is proud of, and
whose works reflected more fame up
on Venice than Venice in all her glory
could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, fol
lowed in the procession, for it was a
scene of matchless beauty and magni

cence, well worthy the attention of a
painter's mind and eye. The Bucen
taur was swept on in a stately manner
by the rowers, and Giulio's light gon
dola came near it, within full view of
the gallant company beneath its gor
geous canopy of crimson damask, rich
ly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's
amaze, Titian had by his side a young
lady, and when she turned her face for
a moment Giulio saw to his surprise
and delight that she was the fair origi
nal of the portrait.

The ceremonials went on, and Andrea
Grutti, the Doge, wedded the sea (an
unstable and fickle mistress) with the
accustomed words, "We wed thee with
this in token of our true and perpetu
al sovereignty." The moment these
words were uttered, and the ring cast
into the sea, it was strewn with flow
ers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful
idea that thus bride was crowned!

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded
to Titian's house. He found the great
artist before the easel, busied, as usu
al, in some work for immortality.
They spoke on various subjects, but
Titian made no mention of the young
signora, of whom Giulio had just one
glance. At last Giulio said that he
had seen Titian on the deck of the Buc
centaur; but this, though it challeng
ed Titian's allusion to the lady, drew
no remark from him about her, so that
at last Giulio ventured to say that he
thought the signora much resembled
the portrait which he had admired
from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni!
Fall asleep before it in excess of ad
miration! Well, well, thou needst not
blush. 'Tis my daughter Beatrice,
whom thou shalt meet anon. But,
signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or
if thou shouldst not, it would be well
for thee to take thy siesta ere thou
meetest her. Women, as thou know
est, like not cavalieri who are drowsy.
Nay, I have not told her that. She
saw thee, and asked who thou wert,
and I told her, Giulio; but not that
thou didst gaze thyself to sleep before
her portrait. Now, let us within.
Thou wilt like my gentle Beatrice.
She reminds me of what her fair and
loving mother was."

And Giulio did very much like Beat
rice Vecelli, who, in turn, admired
the manly beauty and chivalrous bear
ing of the Spaniard. Admired!—alas
that is a word all too weak. Woman
scarcely knows a medium, in her inter
course with our sex, between the col
dest indifference and the warmest love.
Long before she knew it Beatrice was
deeply and devotedly attached to
Giulio. Her father saw this, and did
not check it; he already loved Giulio
Mantoni as a son, and cheerily antici
pated that, in the natural course of
time and circumstance, he would be
come so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the
loveliness, the grace, the innocence of
Beatrice Vecelli, but he did not love
her with more than a brother's love.
To do him justice, he was all uncon
scious of the feelings which his atten
tive kindness had awakened in her gen
tle heart. He read to her and talked
with her as if she were his dear sister;
and she made the too common mistake
of thinking that these general courtes
ies, made most kind through the sun
nity of his manner, had a particular ap
plication. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by, since
the return of Beatrice to her father's
house, and during this time the young
maiden, flushed with her growing pas
sion, innoct as it was deep, and
buoyed up by the hopes which her
youth and sex might well be excused
for forming, had drunk in draughts of
delight (for hope is the Hebe of mor
tality, and pours from a golden vase!)
which made her happy-hearted beyond
what she had ever been before. Then
it was that her father completed that
picture which has been known as a
chef-d'oeuvre in portraiture, with the
pencil of the painter and the brain of
the engraver have multiplied through
the world. And during all this time
which passed on happily for Giulio al
so, he was not in love with Beatrice.

They sat together, now in the month
of July, with a delicious breeze sweep
ing up the Adriatic and fanning the
curtains of the room like the sails of

some rapid bark. It was now midday
and all was calm in Venice as in oth
er cities at the hour of midnight, for
the heat of the room kept even the
gondolieri within doors. But it was
cool in the room in which Beatrice
and Giulio were sitting, for the long
blinds had been drawn down, exclud
ing the sunshine and admitting the
breeze. She had been singing, and it
was from the flush of her cheek and
the tenderness of her tone as she closed
the cadenza that Giulio now first
surmised what might be the nature of
her feelings towards him. This was
the song:

Oh, sue not thou for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to glid thy fate,
Nor ask of gold, ambitious power,
To crown thee with a haughty state!
Seek not for conquest to entwine
Enslanguined laurels in thy hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer
Of "love me, love me!"

Oh, if the noontide of thy heart
With sorrow were o'ercast,
If grief had done its deadliest part
Till joy were of the past,
How gently 'mid such gloom would fall
The brilliancy of hope's joy-shine,
When thought on thought would still recall
When first fond lips were pressed to thine,
With "love me, love me!"

The song had ceased; it was a sim
ple melody, but there was a startling
expression of earnestness in it which
struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief
space he sat in silence, and then thus
spoke to the beautiful cantatrice:

"Lay aside the mandolin, dear Beat
rice, and let us talk. You have nev
er inquired who or what I am. I con
sider you as my sister, and it is not
well that you should be in ignorance
of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile
and a blush, "I will not own you as a
brother, and I will have no unraveling
of mysteries. Let me sing this barcar
ole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air
and earnest tone that suddenly chilled
her mirth: "Beatrice, this is the time
for your sake as for my own, to have
the mystery unraveled, if it be worth
the name of mystery. I am not quite
what I appear, in a word I am of the
royal house of Spain; my mother was
the daughter of a noble of Almaine;
my father is the Emperor Charles. To
avoid a marriage of his choice, heart
and hand being plighted to a lady
love of my own, I fled from Spain and
became a pupil of your father's, as
much from love of the art as to give
my leisure pleasant occupation."

But he spoke to ears which heard
him not, for ere he had concluded
Beatrice was in a swoon. She was
speedily recovered and thus earnestly
spoke to him:

"I did not know—I could not—that
we had a prince beneath our humble
roof; but whatever you are you must
quit Venice. It was but yesterday I
heard at the ridotto at Signor Bar
berigo's that the *proceditori* had an
order to arrest a Spanish prince who
was disguised and concealed in Venice.
I heard it by the merest chance, as I
stood near two *nobili* who were talk
ing together, and that the arrest is to
be made to-morrow. You must fly,
signor; it neither suits your safety
nor your honor that you remain here.
Venice wars with the Emperor Charles;
my father, the most honored citizen
of Venice, has been distinguished by
the Emperor, and the suspicion of
having wittingly harbored you, would
only be equalled by your capture
here."

Giulio, or, as he should rather be
called, Prince Anthony of Leon, seem
ed astonished at this intelligence.

"And whither can I fly?" demanded
he, seeking counsel in this hour of
pressing peril from Beatrice.

"You named—you spoke of—you
have one to whom your faith is pligh
ted; she must deserve it if she will
not shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said
the prince; "it is the daughter of
Sforza, Duke of Milan, and with him,
albeit he is but a cold friend of my
house, nor has he had much cause to
be otherwise—I shall find safety. And
you, Beatrice?"

"Of me—nothing—not a word now,
not a thought hereafter. Here," ad
ded she, tearing off a necklace, "here,
if you want the means wherewith to

reach Milan, take this; I have no more
need of costly ornament."

This offer was declined, for the
Prince had jewels with him more than
sufficient to pay all charges. He saw
the urgent necessity of speedy flight,
penned a hasty billet of leaf and grati
tude to Titian, and then returned to
greet Beatrice with a farewell. He
did not mark that her lips were pale
as death and her eyes glazed, and her
cheek and brow as if agonized. Her
hand scarcely trembled when he press
ed it, and, gently as one would em
brace a sleeping child, he kissed her
fair, cold brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible de
termination—which in this wreck of
her heart's hopes had nerved her to act
this dreadful part—to simulate indif
ference while amid despair she felt the
immortality of love. She neither
moved nor spoke, and when at eve
her father returned he found her stat
ue-like. For weeks she lay helpless as
an infant, and at last she died. Her
heart was broken. She died, and with
her died her father's hopes and pride.
Within a month after Giulio's depart
ure she had ceased to be. Henceforth
—and he lived to extreme old age—
Titian lived but for his art; that was
his wife, daughter, all to him!

Of the Prince we have no further
record. The annals of Venice record
not his capture, so it may be presum
ed that he escaped. But whether he
reached his lady-love, whether he mar
ried her, and whether in after life he
ever paused to think upon Beatrice, is
unknown; but he was kind and gen
tle, so it was impossible that he could
have readily forgotten one so beauti
ful, so gentle as her.

There is no more to add. This is
the whole story, so far as it can now
be known, of Titian's daughter.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1878.

Spring has come, birds warble their
sweet songs, and all nature is being
decked in gaudiest hue.

Amid all this wealth of joy and beau
ty, there are many billious congress
men, seeking everywhere to turn up
some hidden rottenness in public affairs.
\$400,000 of the people's money was
squandered last winter in such vain
endeavors, and not less than three
fourths of a million will be spent this
session by the investigating commit
tees already appointed. Each new in
vestigation ordered makes a place for
favorites as clerks, messengers, ex
perts, &c. These men are all reform
ers and make loud speeches in favor of
retrenchment and reduction of the
salaries of clerks, filed twenty years
ago, when one could live at half the
cost of the present time, and when
Congressmen were paid only \$8.00 per
day. Wonderful consistency. Let
these men evidence their honesty of
purpose by reducing their own salaries,
and leave clerks in the enjoyment of
the beggarly pittance they now re
ceive.

Little seems likely to be done in the
interest of the laboring class, and it
may be possible that these dema
gogues may compel the country to wit
ness, before the snow flies, a repetition
of the bloody scenes of last summer.

The franking privilege will doubt
less be restored. The item of post
age to the average congressman is a
large draft upon his salary, and in this
time of economy, it will be comfortable
to let Uncle Sam pay the postage bills.

The Texas Pacific Railroad scheme
is meeting with strong opposition
from influences that are now being
massed against it. The hostility to
subsidies is very marked, and it is be
lieved that the thirty-second parallel
road can be built without any govern
ment aid. With this view it would seem
dangerous for any congressman to trifle
with his constituency, by voting to
deplete to any extent the Government
Treasury, or diminish the public do
main.

The immense exodus of people of all
classes and trades from the densely
populated sections of the East, pour
ing a continuous tide into our unde
veloped Western States and Territo
ries, is one of the most hopeful fea
tures of the times. It will rid the East
of its superabundance of labor, and settle

the West with an intelligent and cultur
ed civilization. No more railroad grants,
but let Uncle Sam give every man a
farm who has grace and grit enough to
enter a homestead, beautify and embel
lish it.

It having been ascertained that one
half of all the property in this District
is owned by the General Government,
it is pretty well understood that con
gress will provide that fifty per cent
of all expenses will be hereafter ap
propriated towards the support of the
District Government.

A new financial agent, "*a la* Kim
ball," but in a widely different field,
has come to the front in the ever-tink
ling truth-telling bell-punch. It has
rung itself into notoriety in the Old
Dominion, and she finds herself receiv
ing a vast revenue from its use at a
time when her exchequer needs replen
ishing. Louisiana has adopted the
invention, and its use in this city is
now under discussion. A libulous
individual may cheat his wife or sweet
heart and pass for a model of excel
lence, but, confronted with this inge
nious monitor, he hears its verdict
and the ringing of its record. Thus re
formatory influences, temperance mor
ality, and financial prosperity all cling
about the bell-punch.

The Capital is fast becoming a great
art centre. Rev. J. Leonard Corning,
for years a student under the old mas
ters in Europe, is giving a course of
lectures to an audience representing
the culture and refinement of the Cap
ital, introducing Pagan and Christian
civilization, represented by a gallery of
rare art illustrations. Siro.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Morey's furniture factory at Read
ing, burned March 28. Loss, \$10,000.

—W. H. Campbell has been appoint
ed Chief Engineer of the Belleville
Can., fire department.

—Peter Bogart, aged 94, died in
Hackensack, from burns, a sofa catch
ing fire from his pipe.

—An explosion of dynamite, near
Baltimore, killed one man and severely
wounded several others.

—A steamer from Europe arrived at
New York, March 27, with half a mil
lion dollars' worth of silver bars.

—The total loss by Philadelphia's
conflagration is now estimated at
\$750,000. Total insurance, \$261,050.

—At the great Kellogg sale of trot
ting stock, March 27, fifty animals sold
for \$20,000. Kentucky Prince brought
\$10,700.

—The new mayor of Auburn, N. Y.,
has appointed Charles E. Coots Chief
of Police, and the entire old police
force has been removed.

—The planing mill and drying house
of the Oconto lumber company, at
Green Bay, Wis., burned in March.
Loss, \$80,000 to \$100,000.

—Large tracts of wooded land in
Georgia and South Carolina have late
ly been burned over. The long drouth
and high winds spread the fire.

—Three men, supposed to be the
party who robbed the Planet mills
book-keeper and his assistant of \$8,
500 in Brooklyn, have been arrested.

—The smallest post-office in the
United States has been discontinued.
It was at Texas, Lycoming county, Pa.,
and its receipts last year were only
fifty-four cents.

—A Vienna correspondent tele
graphed that the controversy between
England and Russia is approaching
that dangerous stage where the point
of honor more and more engages at
tention.

—Mrs. Lora L. Edden, of Cicero,
N. Y., is in the Syracuse Penitentiary,
charged with killing her mother, 80
years of age, by stabbing her in the
back, under the shoulder-blade, with a
jack-knife.

—The police department of New
York city costs \$3,302,400, and the
street cleaning department, under the
police commissioner, costs \$725,000.
Five years ago the police cost \$3,075,
000, and street cleaning \$1,000,000.

—The coinage of the first silver dol
lars began March 14th, and up to the
close of the month \$1,000,000 was coin
ed. Arrangements are completed by
which, during the month of April, the
Philadelphia mint will turn out \$1,
750,000.

—It is said that the Russian and
Turkish soldiers are now very frater
nal with each other, and that if Eng
land proclaims war against Russia she
must also contemplate fighting the
Turks, or, at best, she would get from
Turkey but a one-sided neutrality.

—Madame Restelle, of New York,
under indictment for abortion, com
mitted suicide Sunday night, March
31, cutting her throat with a carving
knife. The deceased owned a fine
mansion on Fifth avenue, and, besides,
left between \$200,000 and \$300,000.

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 11, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
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Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
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23 Linden St., Cleveland O.
REV. HENRY WINTER BYLLE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
C. P. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. Henry Winter Bylle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

NO CAUSE FOR SURPRISE.

Our correspondent whose article is headed "Defending the female teachers" says: "To many of your readers, it is a matter, I am sure, both of surprise and regret, that you should have admitted into your columns such a libel on the majority of female teachers as appeared in your issue of March 28th."

We assure the writer that there is no cause for "surprise and regret" on account of the admission of said article to our columns. In fact, it may, in the end prove beneficial to our lady friends whose occupation is that of instructing pupils in deaf-mute or speaking schools—at least their cause will not suffer much so long as they have so many true and gallant defenders as "E" proves himself to be; moreover, although not in sympathy with "X's" expressed opinion of female teachers, he is one of our many correspondents, and so long as he uses no personalities, and his arguments are to be respected and tolerated the same as other writers. The language conveyed in "X's" communication is chaste, though in some instances perhaps strong, and entirely free from anything that savors of personality, as is also that of "E's"; and, to satisfy our readers that he intends his arguments for the general good of the cause of deaf-mute education, we will simply say, of him, that he is not a resident of this State, but a resident of another State, an instructor of deaf-mute pupils in a prominent institution for the deaf and dumb, and is a teacher of long standing and of well-known reputation, distinguished for the success which he has attained as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. Besides all that, all of our readers ought to know by this time that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

The *Mirror* dislikes the unrest of deaf-mutes which incites them to travel from place to place, spending in going and coming a considerable amount. Among the reasons it gives for this transportation is desire for companionship with other deaf-mutes. This is true in many cases; but we know some mutes who find abundant and congenial society among the hearing and speaking where their lines have fallen. That this is not true of all is a sad fact. Hearing people generally become interested in a deaf-mute family, and in many instances have been known to learn the alphabet on purpose to converse with more ease; and the younger members often pick up a few signs, and there are isolated cases where proficiency, even, is attained. Lack of character, questionable reputation, and general shiftlessness do not draw friends worth having; and the room of such people, deaf or otherwise, is generally preferred to their company.

As to emigration in search of mute companionship, if that is an indispensable requisite to the life of any deaf-mute, we raise the point as to whether it would not be cheaper and more profitable every way to secure sure work for a mute friend and then write him to come and settle within visiting distance. This is what hearing folks do, and the example is a good one. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is true not only of the stone, but also of its human copy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

England is drifting towards war. Indeed she has approached so near beligerency, that an escape from a war with her enemy of 1856 seems almost impossible. The situation is very grave, and every day it becomes more apparent that an amicable settlement of the difficulty is altogether out of the question. The faint glimmering of peace which the proposed congress of the Powers gave us, is fast being dissipated, and war seems inevitable. In the meantime Russian troops are hovering in the vicinity of Constantinople, waiting for something to turn up. Over here, it seems strange that an army which has subdued another army should not be permitted to conclude terms with the conquered enemy. It is one of the evils which grow out of entangling alliances with foreign powers, against the formation of which the people of the United States were warned in Washington's Farewell Address. Of course the geography of Europe renders alliances of an entangling nature, and hence, necessities, dangerous, especially where commercial highways common to all are to be maintained. And it is on this account that England is increasing her army, making appropriations to meet war expenses, and putting her army in a condition for active service in the field, and on this account the whole of Europe is stirred with a martial spirit as it has not been in twenty years. The question of self-interest is paramount, and the sword will have to settle it.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has issued orders establishing grades among the operators and messengers, and to re-arrange salaries to accord with the grades. In no instances, however, is the expenditure for salaries to be increased. The grades have already been settled in the New York State offices. Some of the operators have been slightly reduced in salaries, and others correspondingly benefited. Formerly, for instance, some operators received \$100 per month, while others, equally skillful, received but \$85. Hereafter they will be in one class and receive the same pay. There will be a distinction between the salaries of first-class operators stationed in New York, and those stationed in other cities, the distinction being in favor of the former operators, on account of the increased rates of living there. The average rates of pay per month will, however, be: First class, \$100; second, \$90; third \$85. The lowest rates will be \$50 per month. This company now pays many of its operators at the latter rate. These are principally women. It will be weeks before the entire service is graded, as the work is left to the various Superintendents to do slowly and carefully.

The Stewart hotel for women, in New York, was formally opened on Tuesday night. The attendance was large, numbering upwards of twenty thousand persons. The hotel is probably the finest and most complete establishment in the world. It will accommodate one thousand guests, and cost the enormous sum of \$3,700,000. The price of board for regular guests is from six to ten dollars per week, and transients are charged two dollars per day. The regulations governing guests are the most stringent, and will be most strictly enforced. Parties out of town who desire to become guests are obliged to make application in advance by letter which may and may not be convenient at all times.

Madame Restell, a notorious medical practitioner, suicided at her residence, in New York, on Monday morning of last week. She had been arrested, and her trial was to have taken place on the day of her death, and it is supposed the anxiety growing out of her situation led to the act of self-destruction, which those believing in retributive justice would consider a fitting close for such a life. She was sixty-six years old, and had amassed a fortune, as the result of her business, of nearly a million dollars. Her residence was one of the most conspicuous on Fifth Avenue.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

PLANTS.

Send your address for our new spring price list of plants. Our stock is large and we are selling very low. Address, Oswego Greenhouses, W. N. Mattoon, Manager, Oswego, N. Y.

The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerary.*

Does J. E. Tuttle subscribe for the *Index*?

The Virginia Institution has been photographed. GRAB, of the *Label*, has invested in a portrait of the late Pius IX.

The *Mirror* wants Prof. T. L. Brown to give up teaching and become a clergyman.

A lively rat did and mischief to the nerves of several women of the Nebraska Institution.

At last the twenty-acre grounds of the Nebraska Institution are to be laid out and beautified.

A couple of graduates were recently married at the Belleville Institution, Dr. Palmer interpreting.

JAMES SHIPSON, recently of the New York Institution, was lately groomsmen at a Michigan wedding.

The *Star* and *Index* shake hands and declare that pupils' compositions should be printed without correction.

The Iowa Legislature, rumor has it, proposes to remove the Institution for the Deaf to a more central location.

The Nebraska Institution has four Babcock fire extinguishers ready for an emergency, which it is hoped will never occur.

Wouldn't it be a good plan for those papers that put out their clippings from our *Itinerary* to say where they get them?

ALBION, the Nebraska Institution is some three miles from town, good roads and weather will bring out lots of visitors.

J. E. T. favors the *Mirror* with a lot of deaf-mute news in a letter from Illinois. But he is mum on the gold pen question.

The *Mute's Journal*, of Nebraska, having abundant space makes copious and readable extracts from the various Institution reports.

The *Mirror* hints that if it was an ass, and got into the *Educator's* sanctum, (mind the possessive,) it would level things generally.

The *Gazette* wants its contemporaries to give it some idea of what is going on in the schoolrooms of the Institution from which they hail.

A Nebraska Institution boy tumbled head first into a tub of water and, in the words of the local scribe, "bruised his shins considerably."

The Nebraska Institution printing-office and fixtures cost \$685—plus the monthly care and anxiety which they say they cannot estimate.

They have an electric machine in the Michigan Institution, and it lights the gas, sticks pins into a fellow and otherwise amuses the *Mirror* man.

SUPERINTENDENT MacIntyre, accompanied by his daughter and Miss Taylor, of the Indiana Institution, recently visited the Ohio Institution.

The *Mirror*, among the remarks on the education of the deaf, says that it requires different text books from hearing youth. No it does not. How folks do visit down in Virginia, to be sure.

The Virginia Institution had from fifty to a hundred of them in one part of a recent pleasant day.

A Kansas Institution boy, who as yet is not out of his growth, easily stores away 36 four-inch crackers at a meal, and also finds room for the other table dishes.

A cat crawled under the floor of the engine room next to a steam valve and was unable to get out. The odor of roast cat quickly unearthened him. This was at the Michigan Institution.

A friend of Northern New York, who desires us to suppress his name, last Saturday sent us by express a very large mess of fine vegetable oysters, for which he has our own and our family's most sincere and hearty thanks.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED NEBRASKA INSTITUTION boy had his hat blown off again the other day; and, to prevent it from going farther, he pounced on an old and rusty inverted basin that chanced to be lying near. Supposing it was his hat he tried to get it on his head.

In referring to the record of the graduates of the college, Dr. Gallaudet, in a recent speech said: "Three have become clergymen." We thought we were well posted in doings of deaf-but really we cannot place those three graduates now in the ministry.

MICHAEL McLAUGHLIN, a deaf-mute, who lives on Broadway, East Albany, has a hen that a few days ago laid an egg measuring 2½ inches in length and 1½ inches in width. The hen laid one a short time ago a trifle smaller. The larger egg weighed 3½ ounces, and another three ounces. (Being at the residence of Mr. McLaughlin, last Saturday, we were shown the two big eggs, and vouch for the truth of the above story.—Ed.)

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION is, as usual, in luck. For the year ending August 31, '77, it had received in awards \$41,983; in legacies \$12,757.77; and from interest on bonds and mortgages \$9,224.83. It is unbounding all it can for a new site.

In his last report Principal Peet makes out a good case in the congenial mute vs. articulation. We, however, prefer his argument of some years previous, a very emphatic sentence of which was: "Articulation is not a system of instruction."

THE QUESTION is often asked by those who become interested in the higher education of the deaf and dumb: "When they have received all these advantages, what can these deaf-mutes do to render back to society some recompense for the pains bestowed on their training?" This question was asked by a member of Congress, who is now president of one of the New England colleges, and his answer to him was a little peculiar. I asked him if he knew a certain paper published in the district which he represented. He said he knew it very well, and read it regularly; "and, by the way," he added, "it opposed my election." I then told him that the paper referred to had been edited by a young man who was a graduate from the Normal Deaf-Mute College. "Oh yes," he replied, "I see; I understand very well, then, what your graduates can do." (Laughter.)—Ed.

It is presumed that he who edits the *Star* has a leisure hour in reading up the literature of the profession, as therein contained, he will find the opinions of the able minds he seeks on the question of the use and abuse of signs and their natural and artificial order. Deaf-mutes are not the result of signs, nor articulation, nor of any well-defined system of instruction. They are simply that peculiarity of mind shown more or less by all persons who endeavor to master a new language, and just in proportion as experience and understanding increases these peculiarities decrease. The German emigrant to our shores picks up our language as best he may, and one would find it hard to make a scape-goat of the sign-language when he is heard to mutter: "What for he laugh me?" So through the whole line of foreigners and their blunders. If signs are to be used in the order of words, as the *Star* suggests, they lose their value. Better use the words themselves and be done with it. If an artist proposes to pictorially represent the scenes in a Greek manuscript we have, we accept his aid with alacrity and thanks; but if he is only to color the manuscript we elect to use the words uncolored and study them out with grammar and dictionary.

The fifty-ninth annual report of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1877, has appeared to us earlier than usual, which fact is due to the document having been printed at the Institution, and, having been executed with neatness and despatch, much credit is due the Institution printers. This Institution, being the largest of all our Institutions of the kind, and being one to which, in years past, many deaf-mutes, from various and many different States were sent to obtain education, demands something more than a casual notice at our hands. Twenty-four directors are the general managers of the institution; the term of office of one third of them expires each year; every year eight directors are put in office to fill the places of those whose terms expire; of the members there is a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, and a secretary, five of the members comprise an executive committee; there is a ladies' committee of fourteen members, having, of its members, a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer. To the most of our readers we need scarcely say that the popular and efficient principal of the Institution is Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D., who has for many years filled the position with so much brilliant success and well-known popularity. There are seventeen professors and teachers, ten of whom are males, and seven are females, one of the latter of whom is teacher of drawing, and one teacher of art. There are a superintendent and physician and two consulting physicians; a steward, an assistant steward, a clerk, two supervisors; four matrons; a housekeeper, an assistant housekeeper, and a nurse; two engineers; three night-watchmen; one instructor of printing, one of cabinet-making, one of shoemaking, one of tailoring, and one of gardening. The disbursements for supplies did not vary much from those of former years, but, with favorable results, large amounts were expended in repairs, drainage and ventilation. During the year 607 pupils were members of the Institution—310 males and 297 females. Of this number, 324 were supported by the State of New York and 122 by the counties, 52 by the State of New Jersey, 8 by parents, guardians, or friends, and one by the Frizzell fund. The pupils at the institution enjoyed remarkably good health, there being but one death. The academic year, from September 1, 1876, to August 31, 1877, was peculiarly agreeable to all connected with the educational department, on account of the harmony existing among those charged with the duty of instruction, and the cheerfulness and alacrity with which the pupils pursued their studies. The only change in teachers was the addition of Miss Beale V. Fitz Hugh, who had the special instruction of the blind deaf-mute pupil, James M. Caton. One hundred and sixty-one pupils, or about 30 per cent. of the whole number of pupils, received instruction in articulation, of which 116 were under the special training of Miss Handy, 15 belonged to the High Class, and 30 were taught in the classes instructed by Mr. Carder. The annual examination at the close of the term last June passed satisfactorily, and reflected much credit for the progress of the pupils in their various studies. We gather from the report that the teachers conscientiously and faithfully performed their duties, and the pupils were greatly profited by the zealous labor exerted for their benefit. Next to the American Asylum, the mother of all American deaf-mute instruction, the New York Institution stands out in bold relief against all others by reason of the immense good results she has accomplished, and is now accomplishing, for the educational benefit of the deaf and dumb.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Indianapolis, Ind.,	May 19th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 22d.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 26th.
Chicago, " (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 28th.
Battle Creek, Mich.,	" 29th.
Jackson, Mich.,	" 30th.
Pontiac, " "	" 31st.
Detroit, " "	June 2d.
Flint, " "	" 3d.
Detroit, " "	" 4th.
Detroit, " (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 5th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 9th.
Pittsburg, Pa. (Dio'an Con'tion)	" 12th.
Dayton, O.,	" 14th.
Cincinnati, " "	" 16th.
Louisville, Ky.,	" 23d.
Shelby, O.,	" 27th.
Cleveland, " "	" 30th.

Other appointments will be made later.

THE HOUSE-CLEANER'S GREETING.

BY A LONGFELLOW.

When winter's chills and vapors,
Succeeding dismal fall
With all its bronchial capers,
Give place to spring, we all
Rip off our smoke-stained papers,
From parlor and from hall;
Like gas compared to tapers,
Illuminate each wall
With hangings new and tasteful
From VIRGIL'S ample store,
For none should call it wasteful
The lovely to adore,
E'en though it takes the "spelter,"
Your very bottom cent,
To beautify the shelter.
Where sweet home hours are spent
Spread wealth out "helter skelter."
Don't groan, but "let it went."
L. L. V's decorations
For parlor, kitchen, hall,
In cheapness, beat creation,
Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall,
Go buy—then say "how funny;"
So very little cash,
So small a sum of money,
Can make a parlor flash
With rays so bright and comely,
And add so much to a room
That, heretofore, was homely
And full of dismal gloom.
Go buy some paper tasty,
Then tell your neighbors, too,
And tell them to be hasty
To fare as well as you.

A CHANCE FOR BALDHEADS.

Their Day of Deliverance Has Dawned.

This is the age of wonders—wonders in science, wonders in mechanism, wonders in everything. It has been said that the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor. What, then, shall be said of the man who causes a full and luxuriant crop of hair to grow upon the barren and shining parts of the large army of baldheads who have withered and despaired of ever having a natural covering for their heads again? What place, in a word, shall be assigned to the discoverer of Carboline? Shall he not have a conspicuous niche in the Temple of Fame, and stand first among the benefactors of his race? To impart new life and vigor to the dormant energies of a diseased scalp; to give strength and fullness to a weak and straggling growth of hair; to bring back the natural color and gloss to bleached and faded locks, are no ordinary achievements, since quacks and therapists have sought in vain to accomplish them for centuries. All honor, then, to the discoverer of the new hair restorative, Carboline—and let one and all join in expressing a higher appreciation of the uses and possibilities of that wonderful product of petroleum, which contains the elements that work such mysterious and gratifying changes. Kennedy & Co., Special Agents, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

VICK'S CATALOGUE.

Vick's Illustrated Priced Catalogue gives the different Classes of Flowers arranged under appropriate headings, such as Annuals, Perennials, Everlastings, Climbers, Vegetables, etc., making it very convenient for customers to find anything that may be desired. The Catalogue may be obtained by sending to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather cool, but pleasant.

Mrs. A. N. Benedict has lately been quite sick.

Henry Cook is clerking for J. B. Driggs.

Theodore Stevens is sexton of Primitive Cemetery.

The merchants have recently stocked up with new goods.

Charley Ames is working in a butter tub factory in Syracuse.

Arvin Tyler has moved into one of J. W. Lawton's houses.

Fred French, of Amherst College, is at home on vacation.

John Freeman has moved into the Henry Clough house.

Mrs. Levi Downing is adding improvements to her house.

Arthur Nelson is painting, this year, with Carpenter & Consens.

The maple sugar season in this locality is considered closed.

Dr. Radway's office is now over J. R. Norton's dry goods store.

Apples have got to be a scarce article of commerce in this village.

A few days of dusty roads lately made us wish for April showers.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Webb are spending a few weeks in Dewitt, N. Y.

A little gardening, on very warm, dry land, in this village, has been done.

Miss Mary French, of Vassar College, is at home spending her vacation.

Miss Adelle Miller, of Syracuse University, is spending vacation at home.

Miss Mary Alton, of Clinton, N. Y., has lately been visiting friends in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. French, of Syracuse, recently visited friends in this village.

Mrs. E. G. Webb and children, of Ogdensburg, are visiting at C. L. Webb's.

Paints are low, and a great many are going to paint their buildings this spring.

W. O. Johnson, who has been very sick for several weeks, is somewhat improved.

Farmers have done considerable plowing, and some have sowed part of their grain.

Mr. David Andrews, of Sayles' Corners, lately moved into his house in this village.

Elis Burdick has moved to Palermo, and gone to work in a wagon and carriage shop.

E. L. Huntington's house (sold to Peter McKinley) is being moved across the street.

Mrs. David Nichols has been quite unwell for some time past, but is now getting better.

Elton Green has moved on to the farm formerly owned by Seneca Davison, near Prattville.

Horace Larkin is building a house on the lot where Gilbert Larkin's house burned last winter.

Horatio Beals has moved into the house lately occupied by John Freeman, in Wayne street.

George Severance, Frank Hartson and Carl Stone, of Hamilton College, are home on vacation.

A. N. Benedict is building a house in Railroad street, on a lot that he bought of Charles Copp.

We are sorry to say that "Grandmother" Wickwire has been quite sick for several weeks past.

The Woman's Temperance Union meeting will be held at 3 p. m. next Saturday, in the M. E. Church.

Miss Augusta Avery, who has been for several weeks visiting friends in Syracuse, came home last week.

Frank Lambey is clerking for J. R. Norton. Keeping two clerks looks like an increase in Norton's trade.

Almeron Thomas has been improving and painting his store, lately occupied by Ranslo Alfred, on Main street.

Call at the JOURNAL printing-office for auction bills, business and calling cards, general job printing and advertising.

Thomas Mulligan, of Camillus, N. Y., was in town one day last week. Many years ago Mr. Mulligan lived in this village.

F. B. Allen, of New Haven, has leased the Daggett & Allen mill, in that town, and took possession on the first of April.

The M. E. Society's half-dime sociable will be held this (Wednesday) evening at the house of Mrs. W. W. Rundell.

Hon. D. W. C. Peck, our member of assembly, came home last Friday evening and remained in town till Monday morning.

Mr. Charles Brockway, a photographer of large experience, lately of Weedsport, N. Y., has leased Horatio Beals' photograph rooms for one year.

There was a tight-rope performance in front of the Empire Hotel last Thursday afternoon, and in Empire Hall in the evening. The performance is said to have been good.

Mr. Bowen Sherman, of New Haven, while, with his son, drawing stones on the farm, fell off from the wagon and put his shoulder out of joint. He was attended by Dr. Whitaker.

Mrs. Shumway has moved into the house lately occupied by Horace Larkin, on Main street, and M. M. Lucas has bought and moved into the house lately owned and occupied by Mrs. Shumway.

Rev. — Tally, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oswego, and Rev. J. Q. Adams, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this village, exchanged pulpits last Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. A. L. York, Presiding Elder of this (Oswego) District, and resident of this place, and Rev. W. F. Hemmaway, Pastor of the M. E. Church in this village, have gone to Rome to attend conference.

Rev. Dr. Cross, rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church delivered one of his popular lectures at the Baptist Church, in this village, last Monday evening. His subject was "Vesuvius and its victims." A very rich treat was afforded by the doctor's lecture.

J. W. Lawton has sold his grocery store, on the corner nearly opposite Union cheese factory, to Mr. Robert P. Hall, of Scriba, N. Y., who has taken possession, and, with his family, will occupy rooms on the second floor of the store for house-keeping purposes.

At the Pulaski charter election held April 1st three hundred votes were cast, and, with the exception of Sewell Gates, assessor, the Laboringmen's ticket was elected. The average majority was about 36. The Laboringmen's party felt very jubilant over their success.

The exercises of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society anniversary, held at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening, were very interesting. Mrs. T. W. Skinner, Mrs. H. C. Peck, Mrs. G. Baker, and Miss Cora Plumley took parts in the exercises, and each and all did well.

EXCELSIOR SPRING WATER.

The above-named invigorating and very palatable Spring Water is kept for sale on draught, in bottles, and by measure. M. Dillon, Proprietor of Empire, Mexico, N. Y.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

APRIL 7th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Daniel ix.

2d Lesson—Matthew xxvi.

English Lectionary,

1st Lesson—Exd. ix.

2d Lesson—Matthew xxvi.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday next before Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.</

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

DEFENDING THE FEMALE TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—To many of your readers, it is a matter, I am sure, both of surprise and regret, that you should have admitted into your columns such a libel on the majority of female teachers as appeared in your issue of March 28th. The article seems scarcely deserving of any serious consideration, and ought, perhaps justly, to be left to the silent contempt which it so richly merits. And let me say at the outset, that I disclaim any intention of giving it character by any such consideration.

The first question that naturally arose in the mind of the reader, was, what could have prompted "X" to such an unjustifiable and silly attack upon the female teachers of our institutions? The answer will, most likely, be found in the fact, that he had applied for a position as teacher, and some smart, enterprising young man with education, culture and brains, had stepped in before him; and hence naturally enough, perhaps, in the absence of good sense, good taste, and good advisers, his chagrin and mortification expressed themselves in more than a column of bad English, false statements, confused ideas, absurd figures of speech and ridiculous nonsense. The absolute ignorance of the subject of which "X" attempts to write, is something amazing. And, furthermore, what an exhibition of egotism and unconscious self-assertion! One is reminded of the story of the little three-year-old, who, when the plumbers were making some repairs in her father's house, followed them about saying, with great seriousness and mock dignity, "when you want to know anything, ask me." When "X" expresses his surprise that "the relative merits of male and female teachers in the deaf and dumb institutions of the country are never discussed in the *Annals* and other journals of education," he exhibits his inexcusable ignorance of the literature of the day, and provokes the question, why he, with whom are, or seem to be, all the treasures of wisdom on this subject, has not, himself enlightened us? He goes on to say "the peculiarity of the system of instruction"—I suppose he means in our deaf-mute institutions—"seems to call for the highest talent, and it is well settled that the profession receives the strongest impetus from the masculine element." Who told him so? "The will and inventive genius of man are stronger and more active than the passive and impenetrative"—impenetrative is good—"mind of woman."

Now hear this, you who are so unfortunate as to have been born a woman: "The fire of literature and far-reaching penetration that glow in the eyes"—think of literature glowing in the eyes of the talented teacher, a man of course—calling forth "the respectful attention and co-operative enthusiasm of the young and aspiring minds, and the reputation and influence that he wields outside the school command their admiration and esteem."

Just think what it must be to wield a reputation and influence! "An automatic doll." Well, that figure is too much for us. Then, "they have no higher ambition in life than to get married, and find the free exercise of their sphere"—exercise of their sphere is very good—"in the bounds of home." Well, if they had no desire to get married, think how miserable nearly one half the race would be! "They neither know nor experience the business side of life, and are thus unfitted to mould, by their bearing and discourse, the minds and aspirations of the rising generation. The young intellect naturally inclines to the more stable and trust-worthy standard."

"X" now has the floor, to give an intelligent idea as to what those two sentences may mean. "The female element lowers the dignity of the profession." How sad! "An institution is a school of learning, and not an asylum, where they sleep and eat." Who is "they?"

Now hear this! "The edifice is an expressive and imposing structure, and part and parcel of the public domain."

Now for a Philadelphia lawyer to tell us what that means. "And under the supervision of dignitaries"—they are men of course,—and as the corps of teachers is the most important part of the whole concern,—concern is a happy word—employment of women is not in keeping with its reputation, but lowers it into a first-class boarding-house for young ladies and superannuated maids." How awful! Now who will enlighten us here?

"A female teacher, by reason of her

natural relation in life, is the impersonation of no authority."

Again: "Physically constituted, woman is the emblem of weakness and dependence, and man that of strength and independence." What has that to do with her ability or success in teaching?

"And, as the peculiarity of the modus operandi produces great strain upon the nervous system, the former cannot endure the work to any lasting available results."

He airs his latin here, but the ever recurring question is, what does it all mean? Is it true, as Talleyrand has said, that language is for the purpose of concealing thought? Or, to quote more correctly, that "men speak only in order to conceal their thoughts?"

One cannot but wonder if "X" has a mother or sister; wife, of course, he has none, more pity for him, for, had he a good, sensible wife, he never would have been suffered to make himself ridiculous, by publishing such an article. And as for the women he counts among his acquaintances, he does not reflect much honor on them.

And, now, to set at rest any surmises as to the authorship of this article, let me say, first, that I am a man, one of that race of "dignitaries," and, second, that, with many years of experience in the profession of teaching, I was also for several years superintendent of a system of public schools in one of the larger cities of this State, in which more than two hundred teachers, nearly all of them women, were employed at a time; and, that, while making no no invidious comparisons between the relative merits of male and female teaching, I may say that some of the best teachers I have known were women. True, my observation and experience in deaf-mute institutions have been somewhat limited. Teaching, whether of the deaf-mute or speaking pupil, requires in the teacher the same mutual endowment and aptness to teach, which, I hold, the female possesses in common with the male. Special preparation of course is required for special work, and this, the female may have, if she choose, as well as the male; and while it may be shown that, in some particular positions, in the work of instruction and discipline, the man is to be preferred to the woman it can also be shown that, in other positions, the woman is greatly to be preferred to the man; or, in other words, let me say, from my experience and observation, the question of success or failure in the work and profession of teaching has little or nothing to do with the question as to whether the teacher be a man or a woman.

E. Rochester, N. Y., April 1, 1878.

FEMALE TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Why is it that the comparative merits of male and female teachers for the deaf and dumb have never been discussed in their journals and periodicals? Of course it is because no one has been so obtuse as not to see their fitness for the positions which they occupy till your correspondent "X" raises the question. And it is not because, as he says, that "the disparity is too plain to need any comment."

"X" announces that he is about to make an honorable and impartial criticism, but having read his article we must own that it is the best satire on "honorable and impartial" criticism we ever read.

It is true that the peculiar methods of teaching the deaf and dumb call for the highest talent. But it is not talent alone. A great deal more tact is necessary. We are acquainted with many teachers, who, although in possession of a very liberal education, are unable to obtain better results from their teaching than many of their associates of inferior education. If the women are superior to the men in anything, it is in tact. Moreover, women are not inferior to men if they are allowed the same advantages.

What man accomplishes by bold strokes, gentle woman brings about in a quiet unostentatious way. Of a loving, sympathetic temperament, it is easy for her to detect and understand the peculiarities of her pupils, and make use of them in imparting instruction.

It is news to us that the sole end of our female teachers is to marry, and your correspondent is plainly in error there. Almost always they enter the profession with the intention of devoting their lives to the improvement of the ignorant deaf and dumb, and, if occasionally they marry, it does not prove that this was their sole aim in becoming teachers. Anyhow when a woman teacher, whether of the deaf and dumb, or of hearing children, marries, the world has reason to rejoice; for she is sure to bring up her children better than other women.

It may be that women are not as well versed as men in business matters, but this does not injure her standing as a teacher, because it is next to useless to attempt to teach a boy or girl how to do business by a set of rules. The only way is by experience, and, however well taught, they would have to learn it all over again. Besides, teachers, even if men, do not generally know much, practically, about managing business, since their experience lies in an intellectual field, and they do not have time to attend to these things, beyond keeping their households in order.

The female element does not lower the dignity of the profession.—It ennobles it and makes it refined. Men teachers are not so superior to the rest of mankind as to be beyond the refining influence of women: a community in which there are women is always a much more respectable one than others without that blessing. What could be done with the large proportion of our female pupils without some female teachers to assist in their care? Just imagine what would be the result of such a contingency in one of our large institutions. We greatly fear that your correspondent "X" has not had the privilege of living in a community where there are women.

Of course woman has a pure and ennobling influence over those under her care. Let us turn to the list of our great men. Who will you find among them that was not once "mother's boy"? Why should there be any hurry in removing them from such excellent care, as "X" would have us? Ah, we fear that he left his petticoats in the nursery all too soon, to wade about in this muddy world in trousers. Probably the shingle was not used sufficiently on his young conceit, else he would know better how to speak of women.

It is true that women do not receive as much compensation for their services as men. This is partly because the large number of them available as teachers, and partly a relic of the past prejudices that used to consider woman a sort of inferior animal of the human species, and it is not because of their alleged inferiority to men that they are so paid.

An appeal to facts does not bear out "X's" assertion that there are more changes among the female teachers of an institution than among the males, so I need say nothing further here.

"X" broadly asserts that lady teachers are worthless as disciplinarians. Here again he is grossly mistaken. Women have as much of the tact of managing as men, and even more.

There are many women teachers who manage their pupils better than their male associates. In a well-ordered institution none but the principal is permitted to administer corporal punishment, and when this is the case applications for discipline for pupils are as numerous from the gentlemen as from the lady instructors. Perhaps "X" draws his inferences from an institution where the teachers do their own whipping; in which case the women are obliged to invoke the assistance of the principal much oftener than the women.

Your correspondent cannot show that, taken as a whole, male teachers are more able than the females. There are many of both classes that are poor and should never have been selected. These obtained their positions by currying favor with the principal, or some prominent director, or through the ties of relationship, and, having once got in, they have tact enough to keep in their comfortable berths, by cultivating the favor of the "powers that be."

We never knew any harm to the morals of her pupils coming from a lady teacher, and we wish the same could be said of the males; but we cannot but own that we are aware of several instances in which very superior men teachers debauched young girls under them.

We have seen a dandified gentleman instructor laid up for a week for some slight indisposition; and we have seen a noble woman carrying her injured arm in a sling, day in and day out, till it got well, and all the time pursuing her duties with unabated energy. We have seen men teachers leisurely stretching their lordly limbs in their chairs on hot summer days, while their associates of the gentler sex were stirring round in their hot school-rooms, flushed, perspiring faces, never thinking that the hot weather privileged them to "laze around."

Why is it that more than half of the teachers employed in our common schools are women? And why has this been the case for so many years? Any body with a grain of sense knows that they would not be allowed so large a share in the training of the young if they were not competent.

I have said what I had to say. My

motive in criticising "X's" article was to correct some of the mis-statements therein. I do not put women before men as teachers, but rather have tried to show that they are both alike indispensable. "Honor to whom honor is due." NATTY BUMFO. April 4, 1878.

Professor Job Turner's Well Enjoyed Visit at Columbia, S. C.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last night I reached this truly beautiful city from Cedar Spring, S. C., which place I left yesterday morning, under the kind protest of Mr. Walker, the principal, his officers and pupils. They said that they would be glad to have had me remain with them some time longer. I was greatly pleased with them, and the institution. I would most gladly have complied with their wishes, but my mission work requires labor, and the seeking of opportunity of doing good rather than gratification of pleasures so often temptingly placed before me.

After my arrival, the Rev. Dr. Shand, a very elegant and venerable Episcopal minister, 78 years old, called to see me, and I enjoyed his interesting conversation exceedingly well. He wrote as rapidly as if he were about thirty. He still has a retentive memory, in spite of his great age. His personal appearance was faultless, and his face very smooth.

He told me that he saw General Sherman's army marching through this place, and thinks that the men in the army acted very badly. He says they seemed to have lost their interest in humanity. Sherman, they all seem to believe, might have prevented it. Dr. Shand's house was burnt at midnight, and he and his family sought refuge in the woods, and set under a pine tree till morning. They lost everything except the clothing they had on. His entire library and the largest portion of his manuscript sermons were consumed; and this when he was 65 years of age. It was the night of the 17th of February, 1865, and severely cold. It was a night, he says, of existing horrors, and they had cause to tremble for their lives. He said: "Language is not able to give more than a faint conception of the scenes of that night." Such are the horrors of war. May our nation never witness another such.

I went to the State House this morning, not only to see the legislature in session, but also to pay my respects to that courteous Christian gentleman Gov. Wade Hampton, who is much beloved by the people of South Carolina.

A friend gave me the honor of sitting on the floor of the Hall of the House of Representatives this morning. I was introduced to the speaker and had a pleasant talk with him. He is a very fine-looking gentleman, only 27 years of age. He wears a purple robe, something like a morning gown, while he presides. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with quite a number of distinguished statesmen in the hall, among whom was the late Hon. H. L. Orr's son. Mr. Memminger, ex-secretary of the treasury of the Confederate States, is a member of the legislature. He went to Charleston, S. C., last Saturday, on a matrimonial mission. There are twenty-six colored members in the House of Representatives.

After leaving the Hall, I visited Governor Hampton. He shook hands with me in a very pleasant manner. I delivered a letter of introduction to him from Governor Vance, of N. C. There was a very nice talk between us. He said: "My dear sir, I thank you cordially for your kind expressions, and I take a most lively interest in the good work that you are doing. In this you have my full sympathy and my best wishes for your success. I shall do all in my power to promote the welfare of the unfortunate class for whom you are working."

He is a tall man of very prepossessing appearance. He told me that he used to spell on his fingers as we do, when he was young, but that disuse had made him forget it. I was informed that he had a deaf and dumb nephew who was killed in battle.

He is one of the greatest sportsmen in the State. He is a very good marksman. Before the war he owned about one thousand slaves, and was the largest slave-holder in the South. He often asked his own slaves what they belonged to, and they would say "yours." But he has lost all he had, and is now a plain gentleman. He lives four miles from the State House, and goes home on horseback every evening. He is said to be one of the most graceful horsemen in the State. He made many splendid cavalry movements in Virginia, so says history.

The ladies of South Carolina once wished to contribute money enough

to buy back the property which he had lost, but he did not wish them to, so they abandoned the project. He attends the Episcopal church regularly, and is a communicant.

This morning I arose early, to take a walk about the town for exercise. I found it very pleasant to stroll without my light overcoat. I found the atmosphere pleasant and bracing. Almost all the trees are in leaf. They say I will find tropical vegetation in Charleston, S. C., when I arrive there, where I shall go to-night.

This evening Rev. Dr. Shand took me to the South Carolina Lunatic Asylum to see my old class-mate, Joseph Holmes, once a pupil in Hartford; but to my great surprise and regret, they told me that he died two years ago. His sister, Sarah, requested me to visit him for her. It is strange that she had not heard of his death. I have just sent her the sad intelligence. He became insane, on account of a young speaking lady in whom he was deeply interested. The lady was engaged to another. She is now dead. I remember Mr. Holmes, as a bright pupil at the Hartford Asylum.

I admired the grounds of the lunatic asylum. I am told that in the summer they afford a charming promenade for the patients.

The asylum has two very large buildings standing apart, separated by a street 90 feet wide, one for females, on the right side of the street, and the other for males on the right side. The asylum was founded in 1822. Columbia is a beautiful city. All the streets except the upper and lower two streets are 90 feet wide.

The venerable minister, this evening at sunset, took me to a hill, from which a most beautiful view can be seen on a clear day. He showed me the very fine park, which is to Columbia what Central Park is to New York. Rev. Dr. Shand said: "Some years before the war Mr. Lewis Weld, the principal of the American Asylum, visited Columbia, with some of his pupils, during the session of the South Carolina Legislature, and requested permission to let them give an exhibition before that body. This permission was cordially granted to him. His object was to procure from the legislature an appropriation for the education of deaf-mutes, children of indigent parents, in this State, at his institution. The exhibition was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of several of the members, as well as other persons." Dr. Shand said he witnessed it with admiration and wonder. It was so exceedingly gratifying that the legislature voted an appropriation of \$2,500, per annum, for the desired purpose. The fund, however, was never called for, except partially, the State not having any large number of deaf and dumb to provide for. The matter, however, was continued until it fell through by the late war, which put an end to that as well as other beneficent institutions which were in favor with the people of this State. I find many opportunities to give religious instruction, and I ask the prayers of the brethren, that the work committed to me may be faithfully performed. I go to Charleston, S. C. God bless you, and prosper your good JOURNAL.

Yours most sincerely,
JOB TURNER.
Columbia, S. C., March 19, 1878.

BANGOR NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some Bangor notes that may be interesting to your readers. Your paper interests us very much.

We got a postal card from Rev. Mr. Rowe, a deaf-mute, last Friday, saying that he was going to have two meetings in Bangor. He invited us to be there. We went to Bangor last Saturday night, and stayed two nights.

Sunday, the 24th, was lovely and warm in the morning, and we went to the vestry of the Hammond Street Church, and found some deaf-mutes. We were very glad to see Rev. Mr. Rowe, who preached a very good sermon to the deaf-mutes, and enjoyed the service very much. There were twelve deaf-mutes present. I will tell you their names: Mr. and Mrs. John A. Larabee, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Brackett; Messrs. Chester Stearns, Byron Brown, Augustus Haley and Frank Rice; Misses Flora Mason, Mary Hanson, Marybell Russell, and Bertha Treat.

We are very glad to say that Rev. Mr. Rowe is a State missionary for the deaf-mutes, and we hope his services may be successful.

We left Bangor last Monday afternoon and arrived home safely, and were very glad to get back again. This is our sweet home, and we ought to be thankful to God for it.

Yours respectfully,
A. SUBSCRIBER.
Mattawamkeag, Me., March 27, 1878.

A Letter from Professor Job Turner.

REFRESHING NEWS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 25, 1878.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I arrived here from Columbia, S. C., last Thursday night, and put up at the Charleston Hotel for the night. To my pleasant surprise I found it as splendid a house as any in the North. The next morning I reported to the Rev. John Johnson. At the direction of Bishop Howe, of the diocese of South Carolina, he received me very warmly, and prevailed upon me to leave the hotel and make his house my home.

I am most pleasantly quartered. His house commands the fine harbor. I am so much encouraged by the results of mission work that I trust it shall be my privilege to conduct services in the South every winter. This climate suits me very well.

Yesterday morning I attended St. Phillip's Episcopal Church, which has a very large and respectable congregation. Just before service I went to the church-yard, where I saw the grave of John C. Calhoun, near which lie the remains of that celebrated hero, General William Moultrie, once a member of St. Phillip's Church. History holds his name sacred in the annals of our country. The remains of General Rutledge, of South Carolina, also lie in that yard.

In the afternoon I attended St. Michael's Episcopal Church, and, after service, I saw the grave of Robert Y. Hayne, who made a great speech in opposition to Daniel Webster in the United States Senate Chamber. He was one of the greatest orators the South ever produced. I also saw the grave of Colonel William Morris, who fought bravely in the battles of Eutaw and Guilford.

Last night the Rev. John Johnson accompanied me to the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, and I found it solemnly beautiful.

Last Saturday morning I visited Magnolia Cemetery, three miles out of the city, with the appearance of which I was much pleased. There I saw the grave of the late Hon. H. LeGare, Attorney-General and Acting Secretary of State, I believe, under President Pierce. My attention was attracted to the grave of Colonel William Washington, who fought bravely in the battle of Cowpens. On one occasion a British officer was attempting to shoot him with a pistol when the Colonel's faithful slave shot the Briton in one of his hands, in consequence of which his pistol fell from his hand, and Washington's life was saved.

I have seen many flowers that I had never seen before. Peas and strawberries are nearly ripe. I have eaten lettuce, radishes, onions, and other early vegetables.

I shall visit John's Island, next Wednesday, to see some of my old pupils, in compliance with the request of Bishop Howe, who confirmed them last February. I shall send you some yellow jessamines in this letter. They smell very sweet. They grow wild in the woods. God bless our good JOURNAL. This letter leaves me in good health. I am yours most sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A LETTER FROM SODUS, N. Y.

SPRING'S BEAUTIES—GOD'S GOODNESS.

MR. EDITOR:—You are welcome to the following.

Spring is here and is beginning to display her tender beauty. We had made preparation for her advent and, accordingly, she received a hearty welcome; and now that the earth has been released from its covering of snow, and the streams ripple on merrily, no longer hidden by the cold ice, we are about to enter the month of April. And while we have the singing birds about us, we must not forget to notice the resurrection of the flowers; the meadows putting on their coats of green; the fields of wheat that speak so well of the hand of industry, and also bear testimony to the beneficence of the Almighty as they promise their supplies; and the swelling buds that promise to display a harvest of blossoms in the near future. Let us, as we watch these developments, prepare to appreciate the beauty which, now latent, will soon be brought out and exhibited. When the life of the flowers and trees shall have fully gone forth from the root, then our lawns will be sprinkled with flowers, and the boughs of the trees shall be mantled with leaves; then wherever the eye may look upon the face of nature may be seen pictures of happiness, and all her works will seem to promise us cheerful and peaceful enjoyment. Let us remember that the works of nature deserve our attention; and let us try to duly appreciate those tokens of God's handiwork and love.

ST. STARLIGHT.
Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., Apr. 1, 1878.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Two men lost their lives last week by being carried over Niagara Falls.

—The Blue Book just issued shows there are 85,880 civil employes of the government.

—A Berlin special says Germany is again busily mediating between Austria and Russia.

—There were 1,001,500 silver dollars coined up to March and \$190,517 exchanged for gold.

—Twenty-five women physicians graduated, on 4th inst., from the New York College for Women.

—Brevet Brig. Gen. Thos. C. Deven, colonel 3d cavalry, U. S. A., died in New York on the 4th inst.

—The depreciated Turkish paper money is valued at \$2.60 against gold; that of Russia at \$1.60; of Austria at \$1.19; and Italy at \$1.11.

—A young woman of Woolwich, Me., aged 23, married a man 83, on payment of \$1,000, which was the price offered and which she sold for.

—The first coal of the season, at Oswego, N. Y., for shipment arrived April 4th. It was a full train of sixty cars, and it was discharged into the pockets on the following morning.

—The President and party, a number of congressmen, and numerous visitors from various parts of the country witnessed the successful launching of the steamship Para, at Chester, Pa.

—By a fire in Canal street, New York, March 26, Coffin, dealer in notions, lost \$65,000; Coher, Ball & Co., clothiers, \$150,000; Hill Brothers, milliners, \$100,000. Loss on building, \$200,000.

—The engineers and fireman on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad struck all along the line, on the 5th inst. Trains were sent cut manned by other employes, accompanied by two sheriffs.

—Comptroller Burrell, on the 4th inst., made the quarterly statement of debt of the city of Brooklyn, which shows the gross debt to be \$45,099,680, with \$4,669,497.60 in the sinking fund. There is an increase of \$391,250 over the debt at the close of 1877, and \$880,082.10 over the debt of 1876.

—The Murphy temperance movement in Massachusetts will, if the plan does not fail, be made permanent in the hands of a State committee, with a paid secretary. Speakers for revivalism are to be provided by this central organization, which is not to dabble in politics. The Murphy pledge has 80,000 subscribers in western Massachusetts.

—The Marble House at Cleveland, N. Y., burned on the morning of the 25th ult., together with the barn and shed, also the residence and store of W. H. Foster, grocer and liquor dealer, they joining on to the hotel shed. Most of the contents of the buildings were saved in a damaged condition. Insurance on the hotel and contents, \$5,000; Foster's insurance, \$2,200.

—It is calculated that out of \$1,300,000,000 due by Turkey, \$450,000,000 are due to English creditors, \$200,000,000 to French, \$125,000,000 to Greeks and Ottomans, \$100,000,000 to Germans and Austrians, \$75,000,000 to Italians, and \$50,000,000 to Belgians and Dutch. Russia has been more prudent than other nations; she has no investment in Turkish funds.

—There have been fifty-six Atlantic steamers lost during the past thirty-seven years, in which 4,430 persons perished.—Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port, four were burned, thirty wrecked, five lost through collision with other vessels and two by collision with icebergs, two foundered, and two were lost in fog. Of nationalities, forty-two were British, five American, four French, four German, one Belgian.

—On the 6th inst. a fifty-horse power boiler exploded in the engine-room of the Boston stamping manufactory, Cambridge, Mass., by which three men were killed, one fatally injured, and six others more or less severely wounded, and the two-story building completely demolished. The main building, in which one hundred persons were at work, was considerably shattered, and on the side nearest the engine-room every pane of glass was broken.

—An oil train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Slaughter, ran into a freight train, exploding the engine of the oil train. Several cars of oil and a small iron bridge were burned. A short time afterward an oil tank exploded, by which three men were fatally and ten severely burned. The wind carried the flames to the depot and to a wooden bridge which were destroyed. A large number of persons, including men, women and children, were slightly burned. Williams & Custer's foundry was burned. Loss, \$14,000.

